

THE ARTGUM

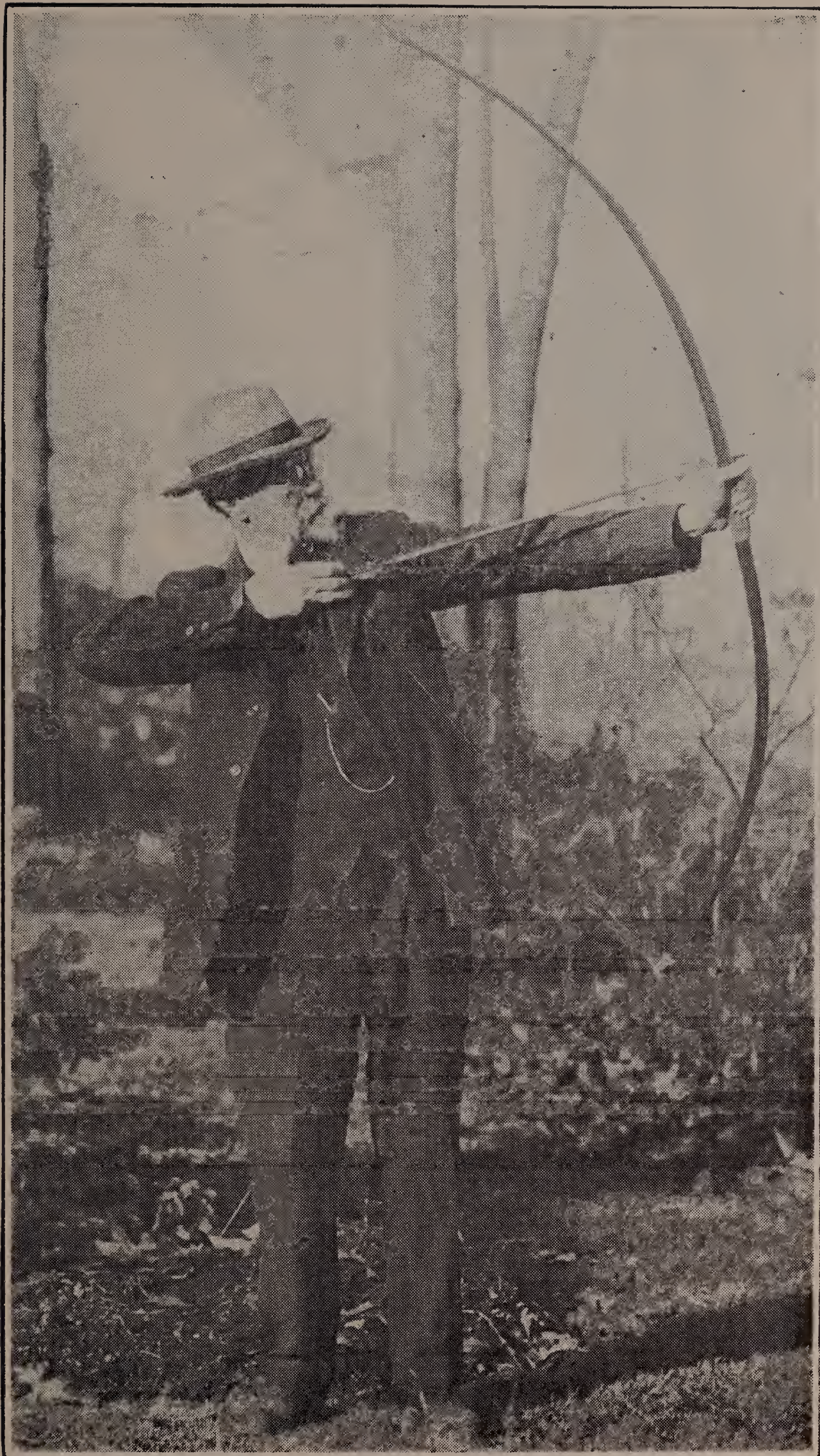


HEFFERNAN
1·9·2·3



“Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.”

— Henry W. Longfellow



Cyrus E. Dallin

Keystone Studio



“The Great Appeal”

WITHIN DOORS

I wonder how many of us realize that one of the great sculptors, and surely Boston's greatest, is an instructor in our school! Some of you perhaps know him by sight,—others have the good fortune to study with him, yet I dare say that a majority of our school has never seen this sculptor,—Cyrus E. Dallin. That is a shocking statement, yet in a measure

it is true! But let us be ignorant no longer. Why not drop in on the modelling room on a Tuesday or a Friday morning and watch Mr. Dallin's criticisms! He is understanding, and his “points” are marvelous helps to those poor Juniors who are striving, ever striving, to render their emotions and ideas in an unsympathetic lump of clay! Mr. Dallin was a student once too,—perhaps that is why

By
Cyrus E.
Dallin



his words mean so much to those he works with, here at school.

Do we all know why Mr. Dallin has earned for himself an enviable position in the art of today? Of course those of us who make frequent pilgrimages to the Museum are well acquainted with his equestrian, "The Great Appeal." But do we know it as a landmark, or does it mean the true Indian spirit? It seems,

doesn't it, as if Mr. Dallin had made the Indians his hobby—(To use a bit o' slanguage). Can you imagine any of us choosing the Red Man for a great majority of masterpieces? I can't,—quite. But then, we were not born in Utah, nor did we have Indian playmates or companions in the pioneer times, half a century and more ago! And, you see, Mr. Dallin did. In those days, the Redskins

were friendly and to a large measure unpersecuted, and we do not wonder that after two years in Paris the young sculptor returned to Utah, to work directly from the Indians of his boyhood.

Yes, the sculptor did study in Paris, not many years after he discovered that bed of soft white clay near his father's mine and modelled the two life-sized heads which attracted such wide interest. Boston saw his first school days, under an artist, and later, with success, came Paris. Such is a snapshot of Mr. Dallin's career. But the real results are to be seen in many corners of the country today. Even in our own corridor is one of his groups, "The Archery Lesson." Now 'fess up! Did *you* realize that Mr. Dallin did it? I didn't, not for weeks and weeks and weeks! Then, too, if you are ever within a mile of Arlington

Square, take a few steps farther to the pool there on the "green" and note, yea, and marvel at the figure of the "Hunter," crouching there.

Some of us have been to Plymouth and have seen the giant Massasoit, which gives a true yet pathetic representation of one of the first real Americans whose home and rights have been ruthlessly snatched away. It is a masterful thing, this statue; long to be remembered.

Although he has used many other themes, Mr. Dallin seems to reach to the very heights in his Indian work. He reaches always to the inner soul of this misinterpreted people and preserves this soul for us in the silent bronze and stone.

Would that we might gather into our outstretched arms the tiny crystals of Mr. Dallin's work and enthusiasm and keep them for ourselves!

A. D. I. '25

On Choosing A Course

By Frank Applebee

For the average Sophomore, this is the age of doubt. The Class of '26 is approaching the parting of the ways. The big question, "What course are you going to choose?" looms just ahead. Every sophomore must be given an answer.

What shall the answer be? Deep furrows appear on the once smooth brow of our friend in the brown smock. Color leaves his face, dark rings form around his eyes, his cheek bones, or what Mr. Andrew would call his malar bones, become very noticeable as his face and body grow thin, and his whole appearance grows more and more similar to our mental picture of Despair. We wonder if he will even live to decide the question.

What course shall he take? The question is ever ringing in his ears. What subject does he like best? He likes something about all of them, except Mechanical Drawing. Even this subject, though, has one redeeming feature; that

being its highly esteemed teacher. Many a sophomore has a hard time deciding the subject that he does like best.

Sooner or later, however, he makes some sort of a decision. He likes such and such a subject a little bit better than the others. It seems logical then to choose the course having the most to do with this subject. What future does this course lead to? It seems as tho Satan and all his assistants are jabbing our Sophomore friend with red hot forks. Question follows question; the more he answers, the more there are that arise. He hardly knows what the course does lead to. He seeks the opinions of his friends, of his enemies, and of the instructors.

"The course leads to a life of hunger and poverty and unrewarded toil" or "it leads to a steady salary but a monotonous, tiresome existence;" "it leads to a life where work is the greatest pleasure" and

"where love of work will win every desired reward." If some of his advisors are right, it is the worse course that one could choose. If some of the others are right, it is the only course that is worth considering. Who is right? Who is wrong? Is anyone right or is anyone wrong? He wonders if his mind is beginning to weaken under the strain. Numberless nights without sleep and countless meals without appetite have almost wrecked his physique. Undoubtedly his brain has been affected also.

Have any of the world's great men ever had such a question to decide? He goes to the library to examine their biographies. A few of them, he finds, did have some doubt about their futures. They finally arrive tho—why shouldn't he? Yes, but —! Conditions are different now. There are problems that he has to face now that they did not have to contend with. No their lives would not help him much.

What can help him tho? His friends cannot. Their views differ wildly. Can he depend on his own likes and dislikes for help in deciding? How does he know that he will like the same thing ten years from now that he likes now? At the present time he likes a certain course, but then, all the other courses seem to offer more opportunities!

What did he come to art school for anyway? He might have gone to college instead. According to several magazine articles he has read, a college training is becoming absolutely necessary in order to win success. He wants to be a success, doesn't he? Of course! Why not

go to college then? Too late. He has spent two years at Art School and could not start all over again. Even then—what does he want success for if it has nothing to do with art? No, he is willing to be a martyr for the cause of art.

The day and the hour arrives when he must decide. Decide what? Decide on his whole future! Ah, it is terrible! What course shall he choose? The eternal question again. For weeks that have seemed like years, that question has been wracking his brain. Because of it, his nights have been nightmares, and his days something even worse; his health has been destroyed, his school work has slumped so much that he is apt to be thrown out any time, his friends have all left him, and his happy home has been almost broken up. Oh, Death, where is thy sting! What difference what course he chooses? His head is spinning, he can hardly see the card in front of him on which he must write his decision. What course shall he choose? Ah, it does not matter. Hardly conscious of what he is doing he enrolls in the course that first appealed to him. At any rate it is over with now. Probably everything is over with. He doesn't care if it is.

* * *

The philosophic Junior looks on with a smile. To him it is a comedy, tho it once seemed a tragedy. Not only is he satisfied with the course that he chose, but he has to believe that he would have been satisfied with any other courses. Opportunity is pounding on every door.

To love justice, to be merciful, to appreciate that the great mysteries shall not be known to us and so living, face the beyond confident, and without fear—that is life.

—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt



"Folly
Cove
Gully,"
Cape
Ann

By
Anna
Mayhew
Hathaway

Glimpses of Cape Ann

By Anna Mayhew Hathaway

Guarding Massachusetts Bay on the north, and thrusting out into the Atlantic like the paw of a great lion lies the bounteous promontory of Cape Ann. It is alluring alike to the pleasure seeker, the historian, the geologist and the artist. To the first it offers a succession of sandy beaches, rocky ridges with the sea breaking over them, waters both wild and placid, and all varieties of "accommodations" from the exclusive hotel to the wharf shanty. The historian delights in

pursuing the elusive traces of the first settlers and of the transient bands of fishermen who came to these shores before the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth.

To the geologist Cape Ann offers almost limitless material for investigation both in its volcanic formation and in the indications of glacial action. About three fourths of the surface is covered with "shoved moraine" that is, masses of boulders and pebbles which were forced along in front of the advancing ice cap

and left in great ridges or in scattered confusion when the ice retreated. In the native rock deep gullies or chasms have been worn where the breakers, striving with the rocky walls, are battered into gleaming banners of spray and foam. The rounded contour of Pigeon Hill, the one drumlin of the region, contrasts forcefully with the ruggedness of the surrounding slopes.

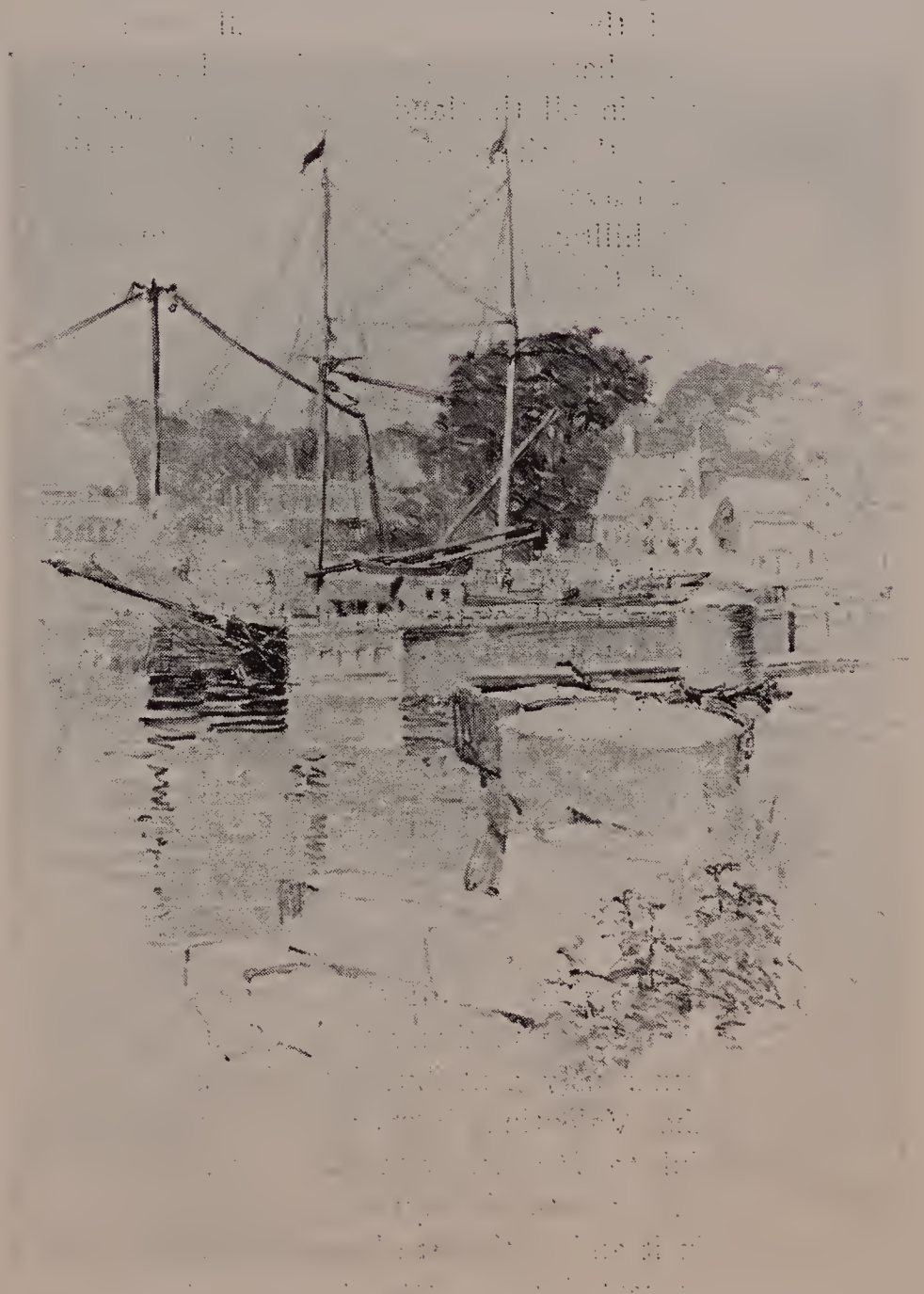
Yet it is to the artists that Cape Ann most abundantly pours forth her treasures, presenting within the limits of a day's journey subjects of widely differing aspect. In the harbor are dancing waves, crowded fishing boats, and gray old gables, while beyond lie dark rocky headlands and threatening breakers or wide green pastures thickly strewn with boulders. Here and there little brooks tinkle down from the hills, wind through deep grass and clumps of willows to be lost in the sands.

Varied and picturesque as are the towns and villages that fringe the Cape, I always find greater delight in the uninhabited central tableland. Here one may wander for miles along the grassy roads of a vanished hamlet, over slopes where cattle graze and birds nest, where the boulders lie embedded in thickets of fern and bayberry, where the turf is like velvet and the air fresh with the tang of the sea.

If one is in a mood for solitude one can find many a little valley which seems indeed "a waste land where no one comes nor hath come since the making of the world." If one has a mind for reminiscence here are the grass-grown lanes of Dogtown with many cellar holes still haunted by traditions of the former inhabitants. The three principal roads of the lost village form a triangle with the apex so encumbered with great boulders and obliterated by turf that it cannot be certainly traced.

It was not until the third attempt that the Dogtown Enthusiast and I, following indications of wells and stone foundations, successfully crossed from the Dogtown road at Granny Day's swamp and came

out triumphantly on the Commons road. It was on this same trip that, following the advice of the author of "The Story of Dogtown," we seated ourselves on the door stone of the reputed home of John Morgan Stanwood and, having shared our one doughnut, read the verses of Hiram Rich beginning—"Morgan Stanwood, patriot." We experienced a perceptible thrill in following the patriot's exploits at Row's Bank, only to learn upon turning the page that Mr. Rich was mistaken and that Peter Lurvey not Stanwood was the hero. Still greater disappointment darkened about us when we read, "It is quite evident that Stanwood did not live in the house with the 'door-step stone' for this is the cellar of John Clark." Though somewhat lacking in



"Pigeon Cove Harbor," Cape Ann

—Anna M. Hathaway

clearness the little book by Charles E. Mann is highly entertaining and preserves some quaint and curious traditions of a vanished community.

From this central region one may descend to any of the coast towns. Riverdale is close at hand though hidden by a rocky ridge. A walk of two or three miles will take one to Gloucester and a tramp of seven miles, through open country and woodland by numerous quarry holes, brings one at last to Pigeon Cove.

I recall one occasion when the Enthusiast and I, after many hours spent in exploring this wide territory, turned our faces toward Riverdale and the setting sun. The shadows of the rocks were creeping far down the hillsides, the valleys were already submerged in twilight and the hush of evening fell upon us. The herds had passed down before us and in all the land there was no sound save the chirp of insects and the rustle of leaves. Whenever our path rose to the hilltops we could see Annisquam light and the gleam of Ipswich Bay. We walked rapidly now, lest darkness overtake us, and descending Gravel Hill were soon in the town, where we boarded a car for Gloucester. Keen appetite gave to our evening meal of sausage and buckwheat cakes a most delicious flavor and just as we finished the last fragment a street band, stationed outside the restaurant gladdened our ears with "The End of a Perfect Day."

Often in walking from Pigeon Cove to Lanesville I had noticed a dark area in the rocky wall of Folly Cove but the

spot was so distant that it was impossible to tell whether the darkness was caused by the color of the rock or by the shade of a deep chasm or cave. At length there came an opportunity to explore and turning aside from the main road I crossed the little beach at Folly Cove and ascended the sandy hill beyond. From a few points on the footpath glimpses of the distant ocean appeared but for the greater part of the way higher ridges cut off the view and enclosed the traveler in a world of sand and sky. Suddenly as I reached the top of a little knoll I stood breathless in surprise. At my feet there opened a deep chasm with almost perpendicular walls brokenly reflected in a dark pool. Purple shadows, golden lights, the varied browns of the rocks, the rich green of the crowning herbage and the deep blue of the sea made a picture long to be remembered. This, I learned afterward, was Folly Cove Gully. In a deep cleft in one side is a never failing spring of cold water that has for generations supplied the neighborhood. The overhanging walls about the spring cannot be scaled and he who would enjoy a cooling draught must enter the chasm in a boat and climb over the fragments of rock that form the floor of the nitch. One of the oldest inhabitants told me that she remembered going regularly with her father in a rowboat to fill the family water barrel.

These are but a few of the pictures that Cape Ann presents to the seeing eye. There are hosts of others that wait the brush and pencil of artists yet to come.

ALUMNI

The members of the Alumni Association desire to thank the students who so generously contributed to the success of the Valentine Party. They are grateful to Mr. Brewster for repeating the pageant, to the students who took part in it and to the Freshmen who made and presented many attractive valentines.

Anna M. Hathaway,
for the committee.

We feel we have in our midst a revival of the one time popular song, "*For She Was the Pride of Charcoal Alley.*"

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CLASS EDITORS

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Vol. II

Boston, Massachusetts, March, 1924

No. 5

"A Man's A Man For A' That"

⊙ Students—Style—Art ⊙

To some of you the name "Center of Vision" may mean very little; but for many years members of our present alumni worked for, fought for, and enjoyed reading the "Center of Vision" just as we are now enjoying the "Artgum."

We have been fortunate this year in being able to get in touch, from time to time, with a former editor of the "Center of Vision," and to his constructive criticism and worth while ideas is due much of the success that the paper this year has gained thus far.

He is Mr. Otis A. Philbrick of the class of 1911, and editor of the "Center of Vision" in 1909. Mr. Philbrick has been kind enough to allow us to publish two short articles from the October issue of the paper in that year. We know these words of wisdom shall not be amiss.

Once—when we were younger and more foolhardy—we asked an instructor how to succeed (as if an instructor or any one else could tell us).

"Go get a style!" he bawled at us. "I do not care what sort of style you have, but get one, and keep it!"

All of which is very true, perhaps, but rather dangerous advice. You cannot "go get a style." You may acquire a taste for olives, or for Kipling, but you cannot acquire a style. Style is not the result of aping some one else; that is merely cleverness. Style is an expression of yourself—simplicity, naturalness. Style should be as a perfect window pane, a thing to look through, and the clearer, the more indiscernible, the less prominent, the better. Forget style, be yourself, do the thing as straightforwardly as you can, take the simplest, the most honest, the surest way to get the desired result; then by and by you will be surprised to find that you have a style, a style peculiarly your own. If you would do a thing as effectively as possible, and as becomingly to yourself, whether it be painting a picture or entering a ballroom, do it as simply and as unaffectedly as you can.

And now a word to the Freshmen. You are very fortunate to have so much ahead of you. Many of you will be weeded out. Those of you who survive will have many, oh! so very many weary days, days when your ambitions and dreams will be as black and bitter as a frost-blighted vine. But remember, the darker the shadows, the brighter the highlights. Scorn fuzzy-wuzzy artisticness, fake Bohemianism, gilt and glitter as you would chrome yellow. They are alluring, cheap, damaging. Remember that pure art is clean and clear as a running brook, and as

grand, as simple, as unattackable as a Bible chapter.

Remember that there is no easy way, no short cut, no luxurious royal road. "To give up never, to confess discouragement never, to do and keep doing, and struggling and battling against all obstacles; to die in the harness, poor and pushed aside, yet fighting to the last—this is the royal road. And to believe that it is the royal road, the only road worth living, and traveling, and dying in, is the God-given joy that makes it all worth while."

CLASS EDITOR

Lorette Boname

Four years ago last September, a girl from France, who had chosen America as a land of promise, entered our school to take the usual four year art course. She was Lorette Boname, "the French Girl," of whom the classes since then have heard vague rumors, a dark haired, slender, impulsive, emotional girl who lived a life of cheerful responsibility. Coming from France the year before, after having suffered during the war, and encountered difficulties about which she would not talk to us, the Normal Art School must have seemed a haven indeed.

But that is not all—it is necessary that you appreciate her indomitable will to put herself into better circumstances. Upon arriving in New York from France, she had no friends, neither could she speak our language.

Finding little to occupy her satisfactorily in New York, she went to Washington, D. C., seeking a favorable opportunity to earn her living.

She drifted about, made one or two friends with her inborn faculty for commanding attention and interest, and finally was recommended as a teacher of French for the children of a wealthy Boston family.

By this time she had mastered English so well that she could write with few mistakes and could speak excellently, although at times her own French con-

A strength thy service cannot
tire,

A faith which doubt can never
dim,—

A heart of love, a lip of
fire,—

O Freedom's God! be thou
to her!

—Whittier

structions with English resulted in weird arrangements.

Lorette was a friend of all. Her quick little ways and impulsive manners helped to put her in a class by herself, and soon the teachers began to notice her work and to comment upon her application.

So the first, our freshman year, wore away—Lorette became one of us more and more, and many of the students invited her to their homes and considered her one of the most promising of our group of shining lights. It was only afterward that the story of lunchless noons, so she might purchase paper and drawing materials, was told. She never admitted it, for no one could have had more pride than Lorette.

Vacation came, and the family whose children she taught went to Cohasset, taking her with them. While there, she made many sketches, on the average of two water colors a day, absolutely charming both in composition and color, and attended to numerous other duties beside. But no constitution can withstand abuse too long, and in August of that year she was taken very ill with recovery impossible as the verdict. Her tired body had been an excellent mark for tuberculosis, and she was told that she must leave America and go back to her people in France.

It is indeed hard to express her love for this school, and pathetic to write of her last visit here when she could not stand alone. Few of us saw her, but she sent her love to her "dear classmates," and we were sad indeed to lose Lorette, since we scarcely expected to hear that she had reached France safely.

But she did arrive, and later we had

letters—interesting and intimate insights into her home life, thoughts and courage.

Now three more years have gone—we are seniors and Lorette is a senior, too, in our thoughts and in our love for her.

Last year about Christmas time, by great effort, and at the expense of her health, she and an invalid friend, Suzanne, made many "surprises" for us to sell over here. Last spring we sent her fifteen dollars and she and Suzanne had each fifteen days in the country beside helping a poor family, of whom they knew. So this fall we managed to sell the remainder, which amounted to twenty-five dollars or Francs: 420.00.

We have a letter from Lorette with one from Suzanne in French as the reply to our check, and the "message" beside it, to our class at least, is a very great and heartfelt one.

This letter and one other will be published in next month's Artgum.

The JUNIORS

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aid in publish-
ing the year
book.

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HELP

Our Monthly Health Hint, No. 21

Never spank a child on an empty stomach. Turn him over.

—Jack O'Lantern

S. S. Teacher: Johnny, give a text out of the Bible.

Johnny: And Judas went out and hanged himself.

S. S. Teacher: Very good. Can you give another?

Johnny: Go thou and do likewise.

—The Lyre

Prof. I am tempted to give you a test.

Stud. Yield not to temptation.

—Panther

"Yes, I can give you a job. You can gather the eggs for me if you are sure you won't steal any.

"Youse can trust me wid anything, Lady. I was manager of a bath house for fifteen years and never took a bath."

—Judge

What is the surest cure for love at first sight?

Second sight.

—Unknown

Papa, buy me a pair of pumps, I am going to the Firemen's Ball.

—Anonymous



Japanese Prints

By Daniel O. Brewster

The art of Japan is an expression of the life of the common people who are craftsmen all and who lead a simple life in a very artistic manner. The tea ceremonials and the flower arrangements in a simple cottage may artistically be as fine as those in the Mikado's palace itself and courtesy and politeness are national traits that the Western world might well copy.

The Nishiki-ye or Japanese prints are woodblock prints made at a very small cost and used for the delectation of the general public. The development began in sixteen hundred and reached the height of its achievement about seventeen hundred and fifty. Artists may well study these prints for beauty is here achieved in a most direct and simple manner. Notan, the Japanese word for light and dark masses of the composition, is one of the chief elements of charm in these prints, and this spotting is so fascinating that people have received pleasure

from them even when the print was hung upside down. The general rule for a good composition was that the space should be so broken as to touch all four sides, that there should be a center or centers of interest, a rest space, and variety of shapes. Another charm of these prints was that the subject was much conventionalized.

Utamaro (1753-1805), whose subjects were for the most part young girls most superbly costumed, must have felt the shortness of Japanese women to be unattractive, for he took the artist's license to draw his women as long and lithe as Burne-Jones has his English women, or as exaggerated in height as our modern fashion drawings in our magazines. Another curious convention is that the face is always three-quarters view no matter in what pose the figure is placed. Utamaro is noted for his figures of much charm and grace and for his superb color.

Turn to page 16



KEN'S CORNER OF FOOLISHNESS

MY "SHADOWS"

An "Instrumental" Reverie
(apologies to R. L. S.)

I have a course in "shadows" that goes
in and out with me,
And what can be the use of it is more
than I can see.

It really is a nightmare, 'twill drive me
out' my head
For I see it jump before me when I
jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about it is the way
those papers grow,
Not at all like other courses, most of
which I think are slow;
For the papers pile up higher (like an
india-rubber ball),
And the mark is all so little that
there's none of it at all.

It stays so close beside me, it's a cow-
ard you can see;
I'd think it shame to stick on

{	English	}
{	History	}
{	Perspective	}

as those shadows
now stick me.

K. E. M.

Prof. Give me one year, the number of
tons of coal shipped out of the U. S.

Fresh: 1492, none. —Whirlwind

The daughter of a certain strict prin-
ciple old dean had attended a dance the
previous night much against her father's
wishes. When she appeared for break-
fast the next morning, he greeted her
with the words: "Good morning, daughter
of the devil." To which the maiden
respectfully replied, "Good morning,
father." —Jack O'Lantern

She: Do you think kissing is as dan-
gerous as they say?

He: Well, it has put an end to a good
many bachelors. —Lemon Punch

"One of my pupils," said a M——
teacher, "cannot understand why I
think the following paragraph from
his composition on 'A Hunting Ad-
venture' lacks animation and effective-
ness: 'Pursued by the relentless
hunter, the panting gazelle sprang
from cliff to cliff. At last she could go
no farther. Before her yawned the
chasm and behind her the hunter.'"



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Hokusai (1760-1850) was one of the most imaginative and prolific artists of his time. His neighbors called him "The old man mad about painting." His most famous pictures are "The Waterfalls," "The Bridges" and "The Thirty-six Views of Fuji." "The Wave" is one of this series and shows with what power a picture in line and notan may suggest the ruthlessness of natural elements controlled by human ingenuity.

James McNeil Whistler was strongly influenced by these simple and beautiful prints and in his closing paragraph of Ten O'Clock classes the art of Japan and of Greece thus: "We have then but to wait—until, with the mark of the gods upon him—there comes among us again the chosen—who shall continue what has gone before. Satisfied that were he never to appear, the story of the beautiful is already complete—hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon—and broi-dered, with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai at the foot of Fusi-yama."

Surgeon to colored sentry: If anything moves you shoot.

Sentry: Yas, Sah, and if anything shoots ah moves.

—Log

Matron: What time did he leave last night?

Maid: Ten o'clock.

Matron: Don't lie to me. I heard him say as he left "Just One."

—Flamingo

Ella: When someone kisses me I feel as though I had been struck a blow.

Fellow: So you turn the other cheek?

Ella: No, I return blow for blow.

Fellow: Let's fight.

—Siren

Never become discouraged. It took Tut-Ankh-Ahem 3400 years to earn fame!

—Black and Blue Jay

No matter how long a fish swims he never perspires.

—Reel

